

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
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CONTROL OF TRUSTS.

THERE is really nothing new in the discovery that some of the plans submitted by corporation Commissioner Garfield had been proposed before. The suggestion that corporations engaged in interstate commerce, as the trusts are, should be subjected to a Federal charter, or franchise, is certainly not new, and there is no evidence that the Commissioner intended to disclose it as a discovery. The practice of such corporations seeking a New Jersey or a West Virginia or Kentucky charter is no strange thing in the present condition of the law. The Federal Government can nullify all such charters by imposing a tax upon them, just as the State banks were extirpated by a Federal tax on their business to make room for the national banks operating under a Federal franchise.

As the country has undoubtedly reached the beginning of a policy of Federal regulation and control of interstate commerce in all its forms, it is well to become familiar with an issue that will enter largely into the politics of the future. The Supreme Court, in its affirmation of the constitutionality of the interstate commerce law, has deposited ample power with Congress, and the expediency of its use is demonstrated. The method will be the subject of discussion. The power of the Federal Government over franchises and charters has the advantages of the possibility of simplicity and oneness. One State may warrant powers under a franchise that another does not. There is evidence that the States have competed with each other in the liberality of these franchise laws, and corporations now seek charters where the obligation imposed is the lightest and the restrictions are the least. A Federal charter obsolesces all of this, and can dictate the conditions of the business which it authorizes. It can exact a royalty from that business if it choose, just as it takes certain taxes out of the national banks in return for the privileges which they enjoy. It can do more than this. It can restore competition in trade wherever that element has been destroyed by trust policy.

Under the law of California if a transportation corporation lower its rates at a given point, to meet or prevent competition, that rate cannot be raised again except by consent of the State, granted through its Railroad Commission. This is a long and suggestive step in the processes that now interest the Federal Government. The President's message has put the whole subject before Congress and the country, and methods are now being thrashed out. It is entirely competent for a Federal franchise to require that when a trust dealing in the necessities of life, engaged in interstate commerce, shall lower its price at a given point to meet or destroy competition, it shall sell at the same rate wherever it is in the market, and shall not raise its price anywhere without the consent of public authority.

In all that has been printed about the Standard Oil Company there threads a tragic element in the history of its destruction of competition. The power to do this concentrated all the vast profits of the business in the hands of Mr. Rockefeller, and gave him control of sums so large that he can easily invade and control the whole transportation system of the country, or seize any other branch of business and monopolize it. So it has come to pass that newspaper readers almost daily learn of the Rockefeller invasion of this or that line of trade, and there has risen the specter of Rockefeller, the billionaire, owning all of the enterprises of the country, dictating their methods and controlling at will the measures of their profits by his control of prices, grasped by the destruction of competition. If the franchises under which he operates are outlawed by the Federal Government, to be replaced by Federal charter, in which metes and bounds are set around the power of his wealth, competition will spring up everywhere and his absorption of so great a portion of the country's substance will cease. The profit that he takes now as an annual accretion of his power and wealth will be divided among many, and there will come a more natural and, therefore, a more wholesome commercial condition.

To make such a plan operative even the Federal franchise is not necessary. It is a constitutional feature proper in a statute regulating interstate commerce. The power to lower prices at a competing point until competition is destroyed is exactly the same power now secretly employed by such railroads as give rebates. The rebate is for the purpose of destroying competition. The shipper who enjoys rebates will soon have all of the business. The President has said "Rebates must cease." That means that as far as competition has been destroyed by rebates it shall be restored to life again. If the law compel universality of the price fixed at one point to destroy competition, the operation of such a system becomes automatic. The price cannot be lowered secretly. It must be public in the nature of things, and every buyer everywhere will have notice, and can move to enforce the penalty if not permitted the same privilege in price that is enjoyed at the point of competition.

The President's remedy for rebates is legal and not socialistic. So is the suggested remedy for the monopoly that is produced by destroying competition. These remedies are conservative of property. Socialism is destruction of property. The two systems are submitted to the judgment of the people. It is a contest between reason and unreason; between the conservative and destructive forces of society.

THE GRAND JURY'S WORK.

THE Grand Jury is at work upon the charges of wholesale booting in Chinatown which have been brought against the Police Department in general and specifically against several officials in the city government. The members of the inquisitorial body are neither betraying their hand nor allowing one iota of evidence which they may have gathered to escape and disrupt their plans. The hope of the people of San Francisco is lodged in this quasi-judicial tribunal, which is expected to be a safeguard for the people's interests, and is counted upon to act independently and without fear or favor.

The Grand Jury has a hard task set for it. The collection of hush-money from the gambling-houses of Chinatown is no new feature of official perquisites; other investigations have been of more or less avail in the past. Through all the maze of perjury on the part of the Celestials themselves and of evasion on the part of those who are supposed to "pass the sack up higher," there must be some valiant and strenuous winnowing of the chaff, if the kernel of responsibility for the alleged frauds is to be found. It is sincerely to be hoped that the present Grand Jury may have the persistency and the moral conviction to push their investigation to that end, no matter what shadow of officialdom may fall athwart the course.

Whether the efforts of the Grand Jury avail or not, there remains to the honest voters of San Francisco the comforting reflection that next fall will bring with it a chance to change the administration of the city. One way to lessen the number of investigations and probings into the administration of the city's business is to make certain the integrity of that administration.

IS THE CZAR INSANE?

THE information about the mental condition of the Czar, given out by Dr. Jordan, is of world-wide interest. The insanity of the young autocrat would account for some features of his reign that have heretofore been mysteries. No reason has been given out from St. Petersburg for the Czar's violation of the rights of Finland. Those rights were solemnly guaranteed in perpetuity in 1808, and were safeguarded in the coronation oath of the Czar, just as the rights of Scotland are part of the coronation oath of the sovereigns of Great Britain.

The Finns are Scandinavians attached to the Lutheran church, and were guaranteed a large measure of self-government when their country became a Russian Grand Duchy. The Czar is the

CYNICISM IS POSE ASSUMED AFTER ONE HAS HAD PAINFUL ATTACK OF LOVESICKNESS

BY DOROTHY FENIMORE.

WHENEVER I hear a man saying mean things about womanhood without any immediate provocation, I always stop to listen. There is in the situation that piquancy which marks a fruitless exhibition of bad temper. Besides, I feel moderately certain that he has had a painful attack of lovesickness, and is now convalescent, able



to sit up and take nourishment, but crosser than the cook is on a rainy Monday.

To look upon yourself—as a representative of your sex—in the eyes of such a man, is like seeing your distorted semblance in a convex mirror. You know it must be you—but, oh, it looks so funny! Your best points have become your worst ones. That smile of yours, with which you have been wont to slay your thousands, you now behold as a dreadful, demonic grin. The experience is a curious one because, in spite of all the unfavorable evidence of your sense of sight, you do not suffer in your own esteem at all, your faith in self is not shaken a parti-

cle. The affair is a huge joke. The cynic before you, who plainly imagines himself to be his majesty, is in reality but a royal jester, whose chief distinction from others of the motley is that he wears his cap and bells with a difference.

Confirmed cynicism invariably is a pose or a profession. In the beginning it undoubtedly was sincere, especially if love was its occasion; once it was a mood of pain, or of insulted strength, which sought to give back blow for blow. But afterward—why, afterward it found its performance took with the multitude, and, yielding to a human weakness, it allowed itself to become a demagogue, pandering to a general prejudice for bitterness.

Few men at heart are thorough cynics about love and the high estate of womanhood, even when, from sheer perversity or for personal aggrandizement, they go out of their way to make the world believe so. In some niche of their souls there is enshrined a Lady of Holy Love to whom they bow the knee.

Occasional cynicism is just a grown-up way of "making believe" for the sake of an acute sensation. Most adults are like children in needing a good cry now and then, and in trying to pry the flood gates open by an imagined sorrow. In ten cases out of twelve, when you see a woman weeping, you may safely take it for granted that she is weeping comfortably. And cynicism is for man what tears are for a woman. Both are means which nature has provided to satisfy a crying need.

The healthy attitude toward love has, of course, a grain or two of cynicism in it. Any man who stands firm on his own feet laughs at the pretty, plausible lies which sentimental sages offer to him daintily upon a gilded salver. A fine boy's attitude toward love is similar. He knows that he is "soft" when he gets "dead stuck" on a girl, and later, if disillusioned, he is honest enough to confess without putting on airs that he is "soured."

This is the attitude of a philosopher who mentally takes note of a mirror's silvered back when gazing upon its shining face. This was the cynicism of that Maine school boy who, after reading in the Aeneid of the Carthagen queen's futile death upon the funeral pyre, wrote on a slip of paper for the delectation of the girls:

"Pass It On.
"Dido was a Fool. How'd she know but Aeneas would be Blowed back by the first wind."

SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



Miss Constant—I never loved but once.
Miss Flirt—You mean the same man, of course.



Miss Bunkerhill—Do you think you will ever attain literary fame?
Prose—I certainly do; the book reviewers have begun to accuse me of plagiarism!



Hix—Huntum has postponed his Arctic expedition.
Dix—Why?
Hix—He's suffering from chills and fevers.



Mrs. Rastus Johnson—What did you say when Mr. Stinger gave you that ten dollars at Christmas?
"Rastus—Nuffin. I jes' fainted."

autocrat of all the Russias, but by solemn treaty he was only Grand Duke of Finland. The Finns prospered under self-government. Their institutions of learning were among the best in the world. Their loyalty to Russia was often manifested. Their scholars and warriors added luster to the crown of the Czar. They had done nothing to deserve slavery. But their example of peace, prosperity and freedom was in great contrast to the condition of ignorance and degradation in Russia proper.

Without cause, pretext, or provocation the little Czar violated his coronation oath, violated the compact of Borgo, destroyed the liberty of Finland, its religious freedom, its system of education, its free press and the happiness of its people. Where once was a contented and prosperous population now is a forlorn herd of slaves. Surely it was the act of a madman, and is to be accounted for only on the theory of the Czar's insanity.

HIS HOLLY STAR.

By Izola Forrester.

PAXTON bent forward from his Roman chair behind the palm to see the girl who was singing. "Something new?" asked Roddy flippantly.

"Shut up," said Paxton. "I want to hear her."

So did others. A perceptible silence had fallen over Mrs. Dunderdale's drawing-rooms from the moment when Scall had finished his crashing prelude and the first slow, richly vibrating notes of the singer had floated through the rooms.

She was young, a tall, slender figure in black silk crepe, standing by Scall's elbow, her face raised slightly



as she sang, her eyes looking above and beyond the crowd of faces around her, to where the Christmas evergreen and smilax framed the great stained glass window in the hall.

"Wonder where Mrs. Dunderdale picked her up?" asked Roddy when it was over and the girl had disappeared.

"How should I know?" retorted Paxton savagely. "It's bad enough, the mere fact that she is here, singing in Mrs. Dunderdale's house like this before a crowd like this, Christmas eve."

"Oh, I don't know," commented Roddy mildly, taking a survey of the crowd through his eyeglasses. "Pretty jolly, swell crowd, I think. Probably the little girl's mighty glad to be singing for it and raking in a small dab of the Dunderdale ready cash on her own account, what?"

Paxton did not stop to answer. Mrs. Dunderdale was standing under the holly star that dangled from the archway between the two drawing-rooms, talking to old Wyman. She smiled when Paxton came up, and gave him her hand.

"So you did come, after all? And late as usual."

The old general rambled away toward the nearest tea table, and they were alone under the holly star.

"How did Viola Arnold come here?" Mrs. Dunderdale's eyebrows lifted prettily as she laughed. A woman may still be pretty and charming at fifty-two, when she is a study in soft grays and delicate pinks, with brown eyes.

"Now, please don't scold me here, Paxton," she said soothingly. "You always were a fuzzy sort of a boy. Isn't she a dear? Come over here in the smilax bower and I'll tell you a little about her. Not all, though; just enough so that you won't look at me as if I had been stealing candy from a baby. Do you know her?"

"Know her? Of course I know her," cried Paxton. "And the last time I saw her was in July in her father's palace in Florence, the old Cellini palace it is. She sang then, too, but it was to please us, her guests. And old Scall yonder was one of Arnold's beggar geniuses, living on his bounty. I want to know what his daughter is doing here like this?"

"Like this?" Mrs. Dunderdale shook her head at him reproachfully. "Preston, that lovely child came to me only two weeks ago almost penniless. You know what Bruce Arnold was. He lived up to every cent of his income, and ran a little beyond it. Last August he died suddenly. Didn't you hear of it?"

"I came back home by way of Japan and stayed on in Tokio a little while," said Paxton. "I haven't heard a word of it."

"Well, that's all. You can imagine the rest. There are no relatives, no one at all for her to go to, and the old palace was robbed, literally robbed of all her father's possessions by his creditors. She hasn't any income at all. The Scalls brought her over here with them. The singer had a bit of money from some accommodating deceased relative, and she lives with them in some impossible flat up in East Harlem—you know that part—where you can see the gas works from your front windows and hear the boats on the river, and they hang their bedding out on the fire escapes. Oh, my dear, it is terrible for her, but Scall is teaching her. She is a marvel, he says. It will be years, of course; she is only 19 now, but he swears she will be all he hopes for some day, and with fame there will be wealth, of course. But in the meantime I shall have her sing and see that she has other engagements, and—"

"Where can I see her now?"

"But you can't," said Mrs. Dunderdale calmly. "It wouldn't do at all, Paxton. The singer says she is an artist now, and must see no one."

"Mrs. Dunderdale—Paxton's face was white and his tone desperate—"I love her to death; we quarreled like a couple of children—last night in Florence. That's why I came back by way of Japan, to try and forget."

Mrs. Dunderdale laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"Paxton, my dear, you will find

THE SMART SET.

BY SALLY SHARP.

The Ohio will shortly leave these waters for a cruise toward the south. Lately the officers have been gallantly extending hospitality aboard ship. A few days ago, several young people were served with tea and a happy afternoon soon passed. Miss Dorothy Duatan, Miss Jessie Moore, Miss Jones, Miss Ertz, Lieutenant Rockwell and Lieutenant Cox were among the number.

Prince Fushimi entertained at luncheon yesterday in honor of the Japanese Consul, Kisaburo Uyena. The St. Francis was the scene of the affair, and covers were laid for a dozen guests.

Mrs. George Pinkard will entertain at tea this afternoon in the Palm Garden of the Palace.

Miss Jeannette Hooper, who was to have given a lunch to-day in honor of Miss Florence Starr, has postponed the affair until January 5.

Mme. Caro Roma will entertain on Thursday evening, bringing together several of our artists, singers and writers.

Miss Isabel Glennon of Mare Island is spending a few days in town, the guest of Miss Glennon on Vallejo street.

Charles G. Lamberson of Visalia announces the marriage of his daughter, Queen, to Frederick Edwin Talmage. The groom is a graduate of 1903 from the University of California and is private secretary to Kendrick C. Babcock, president of the Arizona State University, who is also a graduate of our State university.

Miss Josephine Tillman returned last Thursday from an absence of a year and a half in Europe. Her travels and entertainment were of the most interesting character and still Miss Tillman became a victim of

homesickness and returned much sooner than she originally intended. In Rome her life was most gay, the army people feeling her widely, while in Paris and Vienna Miss Tillman was delightfully entertained. Her brother, Dr. Tilden Tillman, remains in Vienna to pursue his medical studies. Miss Tillman is the picture of health and returns more attractive than ever.

Miss Dorothy Dunstan was hostess at supper for a dozen of her friends on Monday evening at her home, Pacific avenue and Baker street. The house, with its Christmas greens and berries, still bore the tinge of holiday atmosphere and added brightness to the happy party. Those who were bidden to enjoy the evening were Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Eliza Draper, Miss Dorothy Draper, Lieutenant Rockwell, Lieutenant Pratt, Herbert Jones, Herbert Shorb and J. W. Hayward.

F. W. Dohrmann was host at a luncheon yesterday given to the board of regents, University of California, at the St. Francis. Among the guests were President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, C. E. Snook, attorney for the board; V. H. Henderson, secretary; Charles S. Wheeler, James A. Waymire, C. W. Slack, Garrett McEnerney, A. W. Foster, J. A. Britton, R. J. Taussig.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Byron Webster have returned from a two weeks' visit to Salt Lake City.

The Assembly dance last evening was preceded by a few dinner parties, after which the hosts, hostesses and guests attended the allurement of the ballroom. Mr. and Mrs. George Fife and Miss Beatrice Fife were among the entertainers, their guests being Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Alice Borel, Miss Sophie Borel, Miss Jeannette Deal, Miss Edith Muir, Philip Paschel, Frederick Woods, Dr. Shortridge, Gaston Roussey, Harold Shelton.

Miss Ruth Gedney of San Rafael is spending the holidays in Santa Rosa with Dr. and Mrs. Finlaw.

NAN PATTERSON'S POEM.

To while away the hours of her enforced leisure in the Toms, Nan Patterson has begun to "drop into poetry." Her first effusion is a lyric of three stanzas and runs as follows: Life's brightest hope, its sweetest peace,

Is ours. Can we forget And mend the broken sorrows past, Whose memories spell regret?

The fairest rose conceals a thorn; And after pleasure, pain;

Unhappy some, and some forlorn, Yet life is not in vain.

The cross is heavy and hard to bear, And narrow the way and straight. True life is ever sacrifice— Don't learn the lesson too late.

Nan Patterson indulges in poetry, however, only for recreation. She is busily taking notes of her prison experiences, and expects to write a book about them.—New York Sun.

MUCH THE SAME THING.

"Well, ho, here!" ejaculated honest Farmer Bentbacker in the midst of his reading. "Here is an item which says that there are many strange creatures in the 200."

"What does it mean by the 200?" inquired his wife.

"Now, that's what puzzles me; but I guess it's a new division of the old 400, probably half of 'em that think they are better than the other half. Still, it's sorter rough to refer to 'em as—but shucks! I read it wrong; the print is kinder dim—it says '200' instead of '200.' Oh, well, looking at it in some ways, I'd know as I made such an enormous mistake in the first place, after all."—Puck.

ALCOHOL AND AIM.

The Broad Arrow says that to test the effect of alcohol upon marksmanship a whole Swiss battalion has been practiced:

1—After total abstinence.
2—After drinking the previous evening.

3—After drinking the same day—in moderation.
4—After a heavy bout of drinking on the day of practice.

The result has been told to prove stimulants good for short distances and harmful for long ranges.

her in the little music-room across the hall. You had better go and wish her a merry Christmas."

It was very quiet across the hall. Paxton passed through the library and the smoking den and hesitated at the half-open door of the music-room. She was alone, standing at the old Japanese music rack in the corner. The pale yellow light from the cluster of opalescent electric bulbs above her head shone softly on her dark hair, where the red and green of a holly sprig showed.

As the door opened she raised her head.

"I found the quaintest old carol, Signor, 'The Holy Star.' Mrs. Dunderdale sent me to look for it. She called me that—to-night, her holly star—Paxton!" Paxton closed the door behind him. He wished she would not look so white and scared and altogether frightened. It had been his fault, that night back in Florence, when she had looked at him like that, and had told him to go away and leave her forever.

"I heard you sing," he said. "Mrs. Dunderdale told me after you were here."

"Why did you come after me?" "I should never have gone away," answered Paxton unsteadily. "It was all my fault. Won't you say 'Merry Christmas, sweetheart'?"

The door opened softly and Signor Scall's bushy head was inserted inquiringly. After one look at the two figures it was withdrawn and the door closed noiselessly.

"Madam," he told Mrs. Dunderdale a minute later, as he wished her good night, "I must cancel those dates ahead, I fear. The operative career of the Signorina Viola is all verra mucha gone to smash. She is wishing the young Paxton 'merry Christmas' with a kiss." (Copyrighted, 1904, by Izola Forrester.)

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

BROWNLEY'S BOOKS—G. S. Hornitos, Cal. Any book dealer can secure for you the books you desire.

CENSUS—A. C. R., Vallejo, Cal. No official census of the city of San Francisco has been taken since the one in 1900.

AMADOR—W., Alameda, Cal. This correspondent wants to know the location of a duck-shooting station in California known as Amador.

STEAMSHIPS—C. A. R., City. In Lloyd's and in the Record of American and Foreign Shipping you will find a complete list of the steamships of the world.

CARTRIDGES—T. S., Martinez, Cal. Winchester cartridges 25-35 carry about 24 grains less than the 30-30 cartridge. The exact amount varies with the quality of powder.

TWO CHORUSES—X. Y. Z., City. The chorus of "My Maryland" is: And be the battle queen of yore, My Maryland, my Maryland.

The chorus of "The Old Folks at Home" is:

All the world an sad and dreary Every where I roam, Oh, darlings, how my heart grows weary Far from the old folks at home.

SOLD FOR TAXES—Subscriber, City. In the matter of certificate of redemption issued on the payment of amount due to redeem property sold to the State for the non-payment of taxes the law of California says: "Receipt of the County Treasurer, Controller and Auditor may be recorded in the office of the Recorder of the county in which said real estate is situated in the book of deeds and the record thereof shall have the same effect as that of a deed of reconveyance of the interest conveyed by such deed or sale."

RUNS IN CRIBBAGE—Subscriber, Sacramento, Cal. A sequence or run in cribbage consists of three or more cards following in successive numbers, whether of the same suit or otherwise. He who holds them scores one point for every card in the combination, whether it takes place in playing or in counting the hand or crib. But there cannot be a sequence under three cards. As in certain other cases the court cards, king, queen and knave, rank in sequence after their usual classification as to rank, and not all alike as tenth cards. To form a sequence in play it matters not which of the cards is played first or last, provided the sequence can be produced by a transposition of the order in which they fell. If A plays 9, B 2, C 5, D 3 and A 4, A is entitled to a run of four and if afterward B does not play but C plays a 5 C can claim a run of three. He cannot claim a run of four because the first 5 played by C is an intervening card. In this game A claims on 2, 3, 4, 5 and C on 3, 4, 5.

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